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OCTOBER IN THE COUNTRY.

BY HON. J. E. DAWLEY.

Drive north and south, the traveled road
Runs by the sleeping meadows,
And half-denuded cedar trees
Are casting sombre shadows
Across the lane where children play,
And scarlet vines are creeping,
And faded roses, in their turn,
Behind the walls are sleeping.

The bluebird, first to welcome spring,
And latest in its going,
The notes of its October song
Is on the silence throwing;
And all along the lines of wood
The ripened leaves are falling,
And ivy vines, up birchen trees,
In scarlet trim are crawling.

The blue jay, in the holly oak,
Like frightened child, is screaming;
A boy and girl, upon the fence,
Seem to be kindly dreaming;
Spring-life is theirs, no autumn pang
Of grief they feel, or sorrow,
And as this sunny day has been,
They dream will be the morrow.

Beneath the skies of sombre hue
No grasses are upspringing;
No welcome songs of summer birds
Are through the forests ringing;
But as we tread familiar ways,
Our heart, Godward, uprises,
And what has been, and what is now,
Fill us with sad surprises.

The arching skies of winning blue,
The sweep of summer splendor,
Earth's garniture of green and bloom,
Autumn's touch surrender;
The hillsides, of their verdure bare,
The gloom on valley lying,
Aye, everything we see to-day,
Of death is prophesying.

As down the silent lane we stray,
Now here, now there delaying,
Our heart is sad, for memory
Is on our heartstrings playing;
This autumn mornings' ramble seems
Our thoughtsfulness to sober,
As life has gone, so ours must go
Some day in God's October.

THE EARL OF SHAFESBURY.

BY REV. GIDEON DRAPER, D. D.

The world may well pause to note the life that has just closed of one of its foremost benefactors. The secular press of the United States may ignore the significant event, but the political journals of the British realm have done full justice to the memory of the truly noble Lord. His career furnishes so many valuable lessons to all classes and all lands, it is well to give it more than a passing notice. What a character-study for the youth of the present generation, replete with inspiration for highest ends and noblest purposes! In the death of the Earl of Shafesbury there is a universal sense of personal bereavement. He touched the world, the varied ranks and conditions of men at so many points, the world may well lament one of the most godly, consecrated, disinterested and catholic-hearted philanthropists of the nineteenth and of all preceding centuries. The writer can never forget looking upon the thoughtful, emaciated face, and taking the hand of this veteran worker for humanity, and hearing his most earnest words, although in great weakness of body: "I want to die in the harness" — a prayer the good Lord graciously granted. He had been in the "harness" of Christian activities so long, there was no life in living without it. The "good Lord Shafesbury," the daily journals style him, and street Arabs persist in saying: "This is our Earl." The highest commendation I have noticed was that of a skeptical writer, who said, after much eulogy, that even Lord Shafesbury had his limitations, as he was unto his death a believer in the old-time and old-fashioned doctrines of the Bible, his mind not abreast with the advanced (?) thought of the present day. But the same writer went on to say that these doctrines only could make such a hero as was the late Earl. This points to the secret of that remarkable life, whose ceaseless labors have been already spread before the public, and which will be presented more fully in the forthcoming biography. It was the life within the life, unseen by the world, hid with Christ in God. Lord Shafesbury, Enoch-like, walked with

God. He was "good" not in any mere conventional sense, not because his great warm heart was surcharged with sympathy towards suffering humanity, but that, in a higher and better sense, he illustrated the Divine teaching: "The just shall live by faith." Upon the plain oak coffin was placed an Earl's coronet. But the true crown of the departed servant of God is the motto of his family that he so faithfully exemplified: "Love — Serve." He loved God and served his neighbor. This sums up his entire character, as it does the commandments of the Most High.

Such an example is indeed the unanswerable apologetic of Christianity. Shafts of infidelity are pointless against it. The worldly world, in its utmost heart, pays a tribute of respect to the Christ-religion as it lays immortelles on the grave of humanity's lamented friend. "By their fruits ye shall know them." The world rightfully demands the test, and seeing it, is convinced. Even down to the last days Lord Shafesbury still read the lessons in the village church, still presided at family worship. To a friend who saw him a short time before the end, he said: "I know that my Redeemer liveth, and that He has been my friend for long years." Full of calmness and peace he contemplated his departure. He fell asleep in Jesus, fulfilling his holy aspiration: "I trust that I shall go down to the grave, and rise again, with the line written upon my heart: 'Jesus Christ and Him crucified.'

Lord Shafesbury died full of honors. In his earlier career he met with much opposition, and for a long time it was the fashion to sneer at the so-called narrowness of his religious views. His pleadings for the poor and oppressed were styled the "Exeter Hall bray." But he had long outlived odium and ridicule. His persistent, self-sacrificing, courageous efforts to ameliorate the condition of the unfortunate of every class, compelled recognition and challenged the admiration of the world. His philanthropy was not only remarkable for its lifelong continuance, but was unique for its breadth. Like that of Him whom he served, his love took universal sweep. The entire HERALD would not suffice for a catalogue of the varied societies with which he labored, many of which he founded, and of the varied reforms that this hundred-handed reformer worked out to success. To the shoe-black and chimney-sweep, to the flower-girl and street Arab, to toilers in factories and mines, to the cormorants and beasts of burden, to the persecuted Jew, to the insane, to the prisoner, his heart went forth, in the words of the church Litany, "to all that were desolate and oppressed." His sympathies were as boundless as human misery. He utilized the influence of rank, title and fortune for benevolent ends, and subordinated partisanship to statesmanship for the uplifting of humanity.

The Earl of Shafesbury belonged to, and was the last of the older philanthropists, including Clarkson, Wilberforce, and others, who encountered a world in arms of opposition, and whose own lives at times were in jeopardy. They were denounced as firebrands and enemies to society. But God and conscience were on their side. Their school of discipline made them statesmen. They had to manufacture public opinion, transform the sentiment of the State and of the ruling powers, and they did it, as has been well said, as the early Christians, by preaching, suffering and self-sacrifice. They were men of hard sense. They met and overcame antagonistic forces and opinions by facts, figures, and solid argument. They converted public sentiment so completely that the evils they denounced became thenceforward impossible, incredible and monstrous to modern ears. Courage, endurance, fortitude, patience, the great masculine virtues, were embodied in their lives. Shafesbury passed through all these conditions, lived to conquer, and received universal admiration. But it required and developed, in the highest degree, Christian manhood.

The funeral in Westminster Abbey was sufficient proof of the final victory. Amid pouring rain they came, from all quarters and from all classes of society, many of them the poorest of the poor. It was an unwonted,

motley crowd that surged against the gates of the historic Abbey — working men and working women, ragged urchins and venerable sires, roughs and vagabonds, hushed and sad.

Most touching the attempt at mourning. A bit of crêpe was tied around the sleeve of many a ragged jacket, and many a tattered bonnet had its black ribbon. Each face revealed the sense of personal loss. The pall-bearers were fitly representatives of prominent benevolent associations. I counted upwards of two hundred societies and homes that sent delegates. Tributes of flowers came alike from the hovel and the throne. As never before, a wave of sorrow swept the many-millioned city. London was in mourning. What monarch ever had like burial? A fruitful life-lesson to men of every degree! He who would make himself missed when dying, must make himself felt when living. "He that loseth his life shall find it." It is goodness which opens the heart of humanity, and wears the laurel of immortality.

THE MISSING MISSIONARY LINK.

BY REV. JAMES MUDGE.

A few weeks ago, under the heading, "What is the matter?" I made inquiry in these columns concerning the unsatisfactory state of the missionary collections in the New England Conference. I indicated some answers that might be given, and pointed out some of the obstacles that partly account for the present state of things. Further reflection has convinced me that the chief source of difficulty yet remains to be named. The paramount call of the hour, it seems to me, is for a completer organization of the missionary forces.

The deficiency is due not so much to the poverty of the people, or even to their lack of consecration, as to the lack of information and inspiration. The general secretaries at New York, already greatly overworked, cannot supply this in any sufficient degree for each one of a hundred conferences, much less for each one of ten thousand ministers and churches. The pastors cannot efficiently supply it in all cases, for many of them know but little and care but little about it. Even those who are best equipped can do nothing, or next to nothing, under present arrangements, except for their own individual church. What is most urgently needed is an intermediate power or agency — something to bridge the gulf between the distant office at New York and the local pastor's study. The presiding elders do a little of this, but only little. Nor can they be expected at the best to do it as it should be done. Their hands are full of other matters, and, besides, not being appointed with supreme reference to this special qualification, it often happens that they are largely indifferent, or interested only in a general way. Nothing will fully meet the need but an active, efficient

CONFERENCE MISSIONARY SOCIETY, organized for business. This is the missing missionary link that will closely bind together the general officers at New York and the local officers in the churches. This is the missing wheel in the machine, for the lack of whose orderly, regular movements the whole concern creaks and hitches and turns out only half the results it should.

And the most amazing thing about it is this: While the wise heads who framed our system of missions, as it is found in the constitution of the Missionary Society and the mission chapter of the Discipline, saw the necessity of this wheel, and made it an integral part of the machine, it has been suffered to stand motionless, and nobody has deemed it worth while to put it in working order.

Article IX. of the Constitution reads: "It is recommended that within the bounds of each Annual Conference there be established a Conference Missionary Society, auxiliary to this institution, under such regulations as the Conferences shall respectively prescribe." Paragraph 271 of the Discipline is still stronger, and reads as follows: "It shall be the duty of each Annual Conference to form within its bounds a Conference Missionary Society, which shall appoint its own officers, fix the terms of membership, and otherwise regu-

late its own administration. But it shall pay all its funds into the treasury of the Parent Society."

Here is not only full authorization for the society but its formation is made obligatory. It may be said that there is such a society with a complete body of officers printed year by year in the Minutes. But does any one suppose that meets or exhausts the object of the Discipline? The society, it is true, has a name to live, but so far as I have been able to observe or ascertain, that is all. It is a society which has never done anything, and apparently it was never intended to do anything. It is the hollowest kind of a sham. Where is its constitution? When do its managers hold meetings? Where are the fruits of its labor? The presiding bishop is always made its president, and that alone is enough to show that nothing is expected of it, for how can a man who is not, as a rule, within the bounds of the Conference a single day during the year (except at the session when his hands are full of other things), do any efficient work for it? Its other officers are changed from year to year, and hold their positions in a purely perfunctory or honorary sense. This is making a farce or a form of what ought to be made a power.

There is abundant scope for a really efficient society. With a brief working constitution, every line of which shall mean business, and with a band of officers selected solely for their zeal and efficiency in this particular branch of effort, a great deal might be done to develop the missionary interest within the bounds of our Conference in a way it has never been done before. The officers of the society could arrange for special meetings at different points, could prepare and propose stirring addresses, circulate literature, conduct correspondence, utilize all the missionary aids available, formulate the very best plans, and press them upon the attention of the pastors — in short, could do thoroughly and specifically for this one Conference what the corresponding secretaries aim to do in a general way for the whole church. They should be the standing Conference committee on Missions, and should have it as one of their duties to present a report at each session of Conference. They should designate the preacher of the missionary sermon, as well as the speakers at the missionary anniversary. They should district the whole territory of the Conference, and dividing it among themselves, make it their constant study to work up the missionary interests in the several sections allotted them. The pastors could call upon them for counsel and help. They would be an invaluable aid to the secretaries at New York, affording them the very best channel of communication with the Conference for the facilitation of their work.

Such a Conference society is as essential in the missionary organization as a State central committee is in political organization. The national committee has its work, the State committee its work, and the county and town committees their work, and so all is attended to. If the intermediate wheel were struck out, and the national committee should attempt to deal directly with all the town committees, very little could or would be done. Just so is it with our missionary organization. At present it is suffering terribly for lack of this very intermediate wheel which the Conference society alone can furnish.

The W. F. M. S. owes its great success largely to its complete organization. It is superior to the Parent Society in this respect. It has not only its general officers, but it has, for the New England Conference alone, a Conference secretary and nine district secretaries. This explains the magnificent sum of \$25,000 raised the past year in New England, against the Parent Society's \$40,000. We shall do well to take a leaf out of this book.

The great sums raised by the Wesleyan churches in England and Canada are also explained by the superior thoroughness of their organization.

GENERAL MISSIONARY COMMITTEE MEETING.

Reported by Rev. E. A. MANNING.

"Straws show the way the wind blows," is as true as it is a homely adage, and never more pertinently drawn upon than when quoted as indicative of the thermometrical point gauged this year in American Methodism on the subject of mission work in general. Why do I say this year? For the best of reasons certainly, but probably because the irrepressible Libby Prison fugitive has become slightly tired of ringing out, on his silver trumpet, —

"We're building two a day,"

and has keyed up his instrument to the newer if not more mellifluous strain, —

"We're raising three thousand a day."

The straw in your correspondent's mind, possibly from his chronic habit of officially noting such trifles, is the fact that every individual member of this representative body called the General Missionary Committee of our Church, and hailing from the extremest sections of the country, was reported as present by the secretary in his minutes of the opening session yesterday morning — a fact quite unprecedented in the history of an annual Conference roll-call, if not in reference to this yearly gathering itself.

It was a most fitting item in the introductory service, the calling of "Father Wilbur," fresh from the whitening fields of our great and farthest Northwest, and foremost in the number of years of personal devotion to mission work, to voice the sympathies of all present in prayer; and chancing subsequently to have the old veteran for my "right hand man," I call this incident from his fund of thrilling narratives of personal experience: "In the terrible Indian troubles of '55," said he, "I at one time found myself surrounded by fifteen mounted savages, just from their murderous work of burning the homes and shooting down the settlers in Lower Oregon, and throwing open my coat and vest, to show that I was then, as I always have been, unarmed, they quickly whipped up their ponies and sped on in their vengeful work, almost immediately afterward meeting and shooting an armed white man." What an illustration of the exceptionally safe motto, —

"He is best who is least armed!"

A tinge of sadness momentarily shaded the face of Chaplain McCabe; he had tried to have the brethren commit themselves to a morning prayer-meeting, but instead the Committee preferred to intersect the prayerful element during the business sessions, *a la American Board*. Alas! Chaplain, for the good old days of early Methodism, when sunrise was the muezzin call at annual Conference and camp-meeting assemblies.

A slight hitch occurs as Secretary Reid kindly but firmly questions Dr. Fitzgerald's right to include his own name in the roll-call, and the frank discussion ensuing ends in regarding it as a point of "cold logic," and a committee was raised to report the facts involved.

Then came Treasurer Phillips' report for the financial year ending last Saturday night, which sent the blood tingling through the veins of the brethren as he announced

EIGHT HUNDRED AND TWENTY SIX THOUSAND DOLLARS towards the redoubtable secretary's "Million for Jesus," with two months of the little balance of less than \$125,000 to come in. Whereupon, with the old sunny face of smiles, veined all over with the lines of grim persistency, all back again, the Chaplain was on his feet with a resolution asking the church for the second million. No sooner said than done, and it took but a minute for his unanimous and hearty adoption. But, ere we get so accustomed to this millionaire tune as to forget the old "sack of a few thousand strings," will it not be suggestive at least, if it have no more salutary effect, to bear in mind that for two-thirds of a century now, throwing in all the thousands to which the noble American Bible Society have helped us, as a church we have raised less than sixteen millions of money for this grand cause. Whence, then, this sudden bounding up toward the hitherto fabulous quota of a million? Has the Chaplain so nickel-plated this long-time forbidding numeral that under the glamour we are getting bewitched? Rather, it is not deserving the title of prophetic — the anticipating herald of better times ahead? So mote it be.

Following this laying of the cornerstone came next in order, and the budget was reluctantly scaled down from \$21,195 to \$18,585, which includes \$1,700 of the debt encumbering the Anglo-Chinese college within its bounds, and defers the re-enforcement of the mission board. China came next in order, and the budget was reluctantly scaled down from \$21,195 to \$18,585, which includes \$1,700 of the debt encumbering the Anglo-Chinese college within its bounds, and defers the re-enforcement of the mission board.

Central China, which is really the combination of four great mission fields, and ought to have four new family accessions, in view of the magnificent hospital located within its bounds, and the present headquarters being at Nanking, the Athens of that territory, was granted the sum of \$30,260, in lieu of the \$35,075 originally proposed, and a good share of this is also made contingent upon the vote of the Missionary Board.

West China asked for \$21,285, including re-enforcements and appropriation for hospital building. The Committee, in view of the comparative inaccessibility of the territory occupied, the insularity of the climate, and the sad fact of a physician being on the ground, but with nothing to do compared with his

Valley so freshly opened to the Christian world.

The entire afternoon of the first day was spent in a sort of isolement, or birds-eye view as one speaker characterized it, of the whole field now worked by the Methodist Church, and only the African section was brought to a crisis by voting \$7,000 therefor, \$3,000 of which was designated for the personal use of Bishop Taylor, the balance of \$4,000 for the maintenance of the Librarian department of that field.

Of the personnel of this body, while nothing unique need be said, still it would be unjust not to characterize it as combining the maximum of those elements going to make up not only a cohort of thoroughly dignified Christian men, perhaps to an exceptional degree,

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Miscellaneous.

THE REVISED VERSION
of the Old Testament and Pentateuch
Criticism.

BY PROF. WILLIAM HENRY GREEN, D. D.

(Read before the Evangelical Alliance of Boston.)

In estimating the value of the Revised Version of the Old Testament, it is proper that it should be tested on all sides and from every different point of view. The most essential questions, of course, are: Is it a more exact representation of the original than the authorized version? Does it in this respect meet the reasonable requirements of modern Biblical scholarship? And does it do this without sacrificing the pure, rhythmical and intelligible English of the old version and relaxing its hold upon the popular mind and heart? Suppose these to be answered affirmatively, it is natural to inquire further how these revised renderings affect the contents of the Bible. Will they modify its doctrinal aspects? If so, in what manner and to what extent? How do they affect the practical duties of the Christian life? How do they affect other important questions which have been under discussion or which interest the public mind? It is only thus that its merits or deficiencies can be fully ascertained, and that an intelligent judgment can be formed of the gain or loss which would result from its adoption. I have been asked to state in a few words the bearing of the Revision upon the criticism of the Pentateuch.

It was not to be supposed that the changes made would materially alter the aspects of this subject, since it hinges rather upon the interpretation and application of passages brought into dispute, or upon the date and authorship assigned them, than upon their translation. Nevertheless, there are some points worthy of attention in this matter.

And, in the first place, an obvious advantage here results from the paragraphs into which the text of the Pentateuch has been divided in the Revised Version. This greatly facilitates the comprehensive study of the whole, in its unity, in its proper divisions, and the relation of its parts. It aids the mind in dealing with questions of a general nature affecting the constitution or partition of the books with which we have to deal. Thus the hypothesis that Genesis or the Pentateuch is made up of different documents, each with its special characteristics, which have been pieced together, becomes more intelligible to the student of the English Bible. The alternate sections of Genesis varying in the divine names employed as well as in their use of terms and choice of thought and mode of conception, are more readily subjected to ocular inspection. It becomes easier to see how far these correspond with divisions determined by the sense and the connection; and the force of the arguments pro and con can thus be better apprehended.

The peculiar construction of the book of Genesis is thus, too, brought more clearly to light, as shown by the repeated recurrence of similar titles introducing its constituent sections, e. g., "These are the generations of the heaven and of the earth" (2: 4); "This is the book of the generations of Adam" (5: 1); "These are the generations of Noah" (6: 9); "These are the generations of the sons of Noah" (10: 1); "These are the generations of Shem" (10: 10), etc., etc. It thus comes more prominently out that this is not a history, into which genealogies have been here and there interjected, but that the whole history is genealogical. The genealogies form the frame-work, which is from time to time filled in with appropriate recitals respecting the more important personages. And the unity of plan throughout the whole is vouchsafed by the undeviating constancy with which these genealogies are traced from Adam to Noah, to Abraham, to the several tribes and families of the chosen people.

Now in this construction of the book of Genesis, it becomes a matter of some consequence from a critical point of view that in the paragraphs of the Revision 2: 4 stands, and justly so, at the beginning of a new section. It is thus declared to be not the summation of what precedes, but an exposition of what is to follow. The correctness of the place thus assigned to it is evidenced by the analogy of all the titles of this description in the book, which uniformly introduce the sections to which they belong; and also by the meaning of its terms — "the generations of the heavens and of the earth" do not mean the formation of the heavens and of the earth, of which an account is given in Genesis, ch. 1; as "the generations of Adam" and "the generations of Noah" denote not their creation or their ancestry, but their descendants, detailing who sprang from them and recording their history. Accordingly, the section thus introduced (2: 4, etc.) is by this title declared to be not a second narrative of the creation parallel to that which preceded, but varying from it more or less, as has been claimed; but it is announced as a sequence from the creation. It proceeds to give an account of man, the offspring of heaven and earth, of the earth yet made in the image of God, his body formed from the dust, his spirit breathed by God himself into his nostrils. This is suggestive of continuity, of the progressive treatment of a single theme; and so far as the subject is concerned raises no suspicion of independent passages from separate authors.

And the diction is also suggestive of identity of authorship. Ch. 2: 4 introduces what is called a Jehovah section; but it is precisely similar in its terms and its construction to 5: 1, which is said to be Elohist origin. Further, this title of a Jehovah section contains what is claimed to be a peculiarly Elohist word, "create," which is said to be characteristic of Gen. 1, for which the Jehovah 2: 7 substitutes "form." This sets aside the old fragmentary

hypothesis, as 2: 4 while attached to what follows is not independent of what precedes; also the supplementary hypothesis, for 2: 4 in its general structure and in the diction of its first clause savors of the Elohist rather than the Jehovah; and it can only be made consistent with the reigning documentary hypothesis by assuming that this verse in whole or in part was inserted by a redactor, who here adopts for the time the style and language of the Elohist, and even thus it precludes the idea that Gen. 2 is either a superfluous parallel to Gen. 1, or at variance with it.

(Continued next week.)

AN OLD, HISTORIC CHURCH RE-UNITED.

BY REV. M. EMORY WRIGHT.

Those middle-aged and older Methodists, who were somewhat familiar with the New England Conference and its doings, prior to the last quarter of a century, may easily remember the old "Centenary Church," whose name so regularly appeared in the Minutes. For so had been designated what was then the only rallying place of our denomination in South Boston. Its location was upon D. Street, near Broadway, now envirored by a solid mass of Irish population. It is true, it imposed but mysterious to the uninitiated, had naturally enough been inspired amid the heat of the famous hundred-year celebration of English Methodism, at which period the new enterprise had come into birth. This was a day of small things, when, instead of five and twenty churches and ministers, scattered through a ten-mile stretch of municipal territory, all our stations, within the city limits, were counted upon the fingers of one hand. And to our eyes the old structure, now so vilely desecrated to the ministries of Satan, seemed cramped and huddled beside the average modern edifice of its class. Yet glorious were those days, for the revealing of power, and the fires of refreshing often came to cheer the zealous band which had thus found a spiritual home. "Old D. Street" is still quoted with reverent lips by the few survivors of its old fame, to whom the Lord was there so precious.

The growing need of better accommo-

dations, led, in the year 1860, to a division of the original society, and the removal of a considerable portion thereof to a new location upon Dorchester St. The residue, after a year or more, followed the same law of necessity, and established the present quarters upon Broadway. To follow these two Christian bodies through their varying fortunes, and especially to discuss the motives and the influences which led to their separate organization, would quite foreign to the present object, if not also to true spirit of fraternality. Yet more serious than any mere spirit of levitated rivalry, was a stern fact, which presently began to look thoughtful people in the face. A flourishing church, fervent, aggressive and victory-crowned, had allowed itself to split in twain, and to locate at two points instead of one, these barely a couple of minutes' walk from each other. With not a man to spare, nor a dollar to waste, nor a foot of vantage-ground to yield, without a shadow of necessity in the demands of the work itself, and with the rich promise to encourage united action, it had resumed the warfare with forces divided, from separate entrenchments, under rival leadership, with less than the sound of a drum-tap between them. The two societies, identical in origin and faith and aim and method, had entered the same field, without so much as a chalk-line of natural boundary or barrier to keep them distinct. They had covered exactly the same territory. They were appealing to the same community. They were addressing people of like habits and interests and social and moral characters. Their congregations were gathered from the same network of streets. In repeated instances, their respective hearers were next-door neighbors and fellow-tenants of the same houses; and even family circles, starting for the house of G. D. in company, had habitually separated when either vestibule had been reached. The voice from either pulpit could almost be heard in the other. The two pastors, however friendly their personal relations, were incessantly crossing and re-crossing each other's lines, canvassing the same streets, calling under the same roofs, praying beside the same sick-bed, officiating at the same funerals, counseling and comforting friends, who had been drawn alike from either congregation. The one was merely busied in doing the other's work, and both, with two crippled organizations behind them, were together doing what either, sustained by the power and the prestige of one united church, could better have done.

Virtually there was never but one Methodist parish in the central area of South Boston, and a hundred years of divided existence and effort could never make but one. Even the signal display of power, occasionally incident to the work of either society, could not alter the facts nor the essential spirit of the case. Yet this mode of separate organization and action, while failing of itself to yield a shade of advantage to either party, had secured an expensive luxury. It had entailed the heavy burden of two distinct church properties instead of one, with corresponding sets of machinery and of agencies throughout, at an added cost of \$2,500 to \$4,000 a year. If Satan failed to be exceptionally gratified with this particular piece of religious economy, it was not that he lacked the soundest of reasons for such approval.

It is not singular that this should from the start have been deplored by the calmer sense of the Christian public. Too many, in either church, it has been a cause of unfeigned sorrow, while the friends of religion and of Methodism without, have been substantially unanimous in the same feeling. The business community, ever sharp to discern faulty management, had long "discounted" the unproductive policy, viewing it as only the groundless rivalry of two contending factions. Many have been the pungent criticisms of worldly, but not ill-wishing men, upon the false economy and the harmful tendencies of such a laudable project.

Upon an elevation, corresponding in height with the hill on the opposite side of the river, adorned by the "Memorial Arch," stood the objective New Hampshire Conference Seminary, towards which our writing is tending. From its portals the vision sweeps over a broad expanse of hill and dale, of fertile farms and wooded heights, a landscape of wonderful beauty, intensified in loveliness on this bright autumnal day by the gorgeous, brilliant hues of the changing foliage. Entering within, a model school is revealed to the interested observer.

Rev. D. C. Knowles, A. M., has recently assumed the presidency of the institution, and has surrounded himself with a "faculty" of special ability in the varied departments of instruction.

The school is characterized by a high literary and moral tone, indicative of successful supervision. The morning service in the chapel is especially interesting to all intrusted with the Christian education of youth. First come responsive readings by the president and the entire school, then follow inspiring songs and prayer, after which the president gives a practical talk, calculated to inspire every student with "high resolves" and noble ambitions. Thus pre-

sented the evil, so unadvisedly if unwittingly wrought, would thus, in form and in spirit, be amended for the time to come. To this, both denominational and public sentiment has long been increasingly favorable. Doubtless to Broadway, as a whole, the idea of consolidation has never been unwelcome, and for substantial reasons, there being little to surrender in such an event, and much to gain, through the comfortable addition in prospect to her numbers and resources. From year to year various hints and informal propositions from that source have shown the drift of feeling. Now and then a consenting voice was heard from the other side, representing the very best character in the church. Yet the common response was a volley of negatives too sharp to encourage a present renewal of the effort. For a Christian body, second to none in zeal and piety, proud of its honorable record, intense in its local attachments, and to the last degree tenacious of its own prestige as the older establishment, this was no strange thing. It was no light matter to think of surrendering name and home and associations and altar fires, to be merely merged and lost in a younger rival.

But a hard unsee of men was quietly shaping the course of events. The power of the Highest was overshadowing the brave hearts that so long had borne the weary burden, and a wonder of His providence was soon to appear. At the second quarterly conference of the present year, in the month of July, a very wise and careful hint from Presiding Elder Lindsay, suggesting the expediency of a union between the two churches, awakened a storm of opposition that was to have thrown the subject forever out of discussion. At an adjourned meeting of the same quarterly conference, in September, a committee to consider the question was ordered by a vote of four to one. And this, it is remembered, was immediately following a summer of unusual activity and spiritual zeal in the church. Similar action followed at Broadway, and at a joint meeting the two committees adopted a plan or covenant of union, of which the following are the essential features: 1. The legal extinction of both societies, and the organization of a new one, with a different name from either; 2. The legal surrender of both properties to the new corporation; 3. The joint occupancy of the Broadway premises, and the ultimate sale of the other property; 4. The equal representation of both the present societies in all the offices under the new arrangement. The spirit of this meeting is sufficiently indicated by the statement that of eighteen motions, submitted by the portion thereof to the new location upon Dorchester St. The residue, after a year or more, followed the same law of necessity, and established the present quarters upon Broadway. To follow these two Christian bodies through their varying fortunes, and especially to discuss the motives and the influences which led to their separate organization, would quite foreign to the present object, if not also to true spirit of fraternality. Yet more serious than any mere spirit of levitated rivalry, was a stern fact, which presently began to look thoughtful people in the face. A flourishing church, fervent, aggressive and victory-crowned, had allowed itself to split in twain, and to locate at two points instead of one, these barely a couple of minutes' walk from each other. With not a man to spare, nor a dollar to waste, nor a foot of vantage-ground to yield, without a shadow of necessity in the demands of the work itself, and with the rich promise to encourage united action, it had resumed the warfare with forces divided, from separate entrenchments, under rival leadership, with less than the sound of a drum-tap between them. The two societies, identical in origin and faith and aim and method, had entered the same field, without so much as a chalk-line of natural boundary or barrier to keep them distinct. They had covered exactly the same territory. They were appealing to the same community. They were addressing people of like habits and interests and social and moral characters. Their congregations were gathered from the same network of streets. In repeated instances, their respective hearers were next-door neighbors and fellow-tenants of the same houses; and even family circles, starting for the house of G. D. in company, had habitually separated when either vestibule had been reached. The voice from either pulpit could almost be heard in the other. The two pastors, however friendly their personal relations, were incessantly crossing and re-crossing each other's lines, canvassing the same streets, calling under the same roofs, praying beside the same sick-bed, officiating at the same funerals, counseling and comforting friends, who had been drawn alike from either congregation. The one was merely busied in doing the other's work, and both, with two crippled organizations behind them, were together doing what either, sustained by the power and the prestige of one united church, could better have done.

The suggestion of a suitable name for the reunited church has been left with Bishop Foster and Presiding Elder Lindsay. The new corporation has already been organized, according to the terms of the covenant, and the two congregations will formally unite upon the first Sunday in December. The deliberate and difficult work incident to this result has been greatly facilitated by the admirable course of the Broadway brethren and of their pastor, Bro. Crawford. They have shown the most sympathizing and generous spirit in every particular, making every exertion to smooth the way and to relieve all embarrassment. The presiding elder, Dr. Lindsay, has won the lasting regard of all by his executive ability, his readiness in counsel, and the Christian urbanity of his manners. Of Bishop Foster it is only plain justice to say that, under God, success was assured from the moment when he took the whole cause upon his broad shoulders and upon his great heart.

A WORD IN REPLY.
BY REV. FREDERICK WOODS.

Since Dr. Dorchester, in his late paper on temperance, has made strictures on the Prohibition party and thrown his opinions into the form of unproved general propositions, which a great many earnest and intelligent people do not believe, but it is fair that the Herald should afford space for a few words on the other side. These words can hardly be suspected of campaigning, as the election will be over before they are printed.

In paragraph 8 of the second paper, he says that many highly respectable persons have fallen out of the ranks, under the influence of disgust occasioned by the "bitterness, vituperation, rant and narrowness" of active temperance workers. These non-partisan epithets, which it has become the habit to hurl at radical temperance men, are worn-out projectiles, picked up from old battle-fields — the missiles which "highly respectable" persons have in all ages discharged at the heads of reformers more thorough than themselves. Calling names does not prove the possession of a good cause. It simply implies the possession of a dictionary. One side may cry "fanatic," and the other may retort "doughface," but this is vituperation and nothing more.

It is historical, however, that the narrow fanatics of one generation are those whose tombs are builded by the next. As to high respectability, it is the nightmare of this reform, as it has been of all reforms. I am reminded of a story told in anti-slavery days, of a famous Boston minister who received a letter threatening that if he persisted in his plainness of speech, he would lose some highly respectable members of his congregation. He read the letter from the pulpit, with the remark that if he received any more like it, they would lose their highly respectable minister.

In paragraph 9, the Doctor says that many others since the last presidential election have withdrawn from this reform, and others who never did so before, now favor license. How the election of the election keeps bobbing out of the non-partisan closet! But why do the persons referred to, renounce the reform and vote for license? To spite those who, exercising their constitutional rights, indirectly contributed to the defeat of a party which scornfully refused to recognize prohibition in its representative convention. Now if there are persons professing to be temperance men who are ready to vote for license when they get mad, it is a good and not a bad thing to have such chaff winnowed from the wheat. They are not to be trusted. The man who would license liquor, would drink it for a

small consideration, and if the Doctor's statement is true, so far from mourning the defection of such allies, we should regard with greater reverence the fan with which the Lord has so thoroughly purged His floor.

Paragraph 10 announces, as a fact, that connection with a party has weakened in many minds the sense of personal responsibility for the promotion of practical temperance. This is easily said, but in the absence of proof, the substantial correctness of the proposition must be denied, and I affirm, on the other hand, that the members of the Prohibition party are the most consistent of temperance workers because they refuse affiliation with the parties of license, and the most practical, because they put their cause into their politics as well as into their religion. Why should they not for a party? They have a cause. Theirs is not only a moral reform. It is a political reform, and one of such magnitude as is equalled by no other before the people. The question is not solely the personal salvation of a man from intemperance, but the political salvation of society from a colossal institution of vice, which already controls/government and is sowing the destruction of the Republic. The reiterated statement that this is only a moral reform in the ordinary sense of the word, is a fallacy which breaks in pieces against the fact. The champion of any party is deputed to produce a political issue which has the dimensions of this one. As to money, which should go to increase the comfort of a people, here are involved a thousand millions of dollars a year, used to imbrue them. As to crime and pauperism, which it is the function of government to prevent, this issue covers three-fourths of the whole and the taxes occasioned by it. As to the schools maintained by the State, this question confronts their natural enemy. As to physique of population, this has respect to the debasement of blood and the loss of national prowess. As to domestic life, no words have ever described the horrors which this issue takes into the account. And we are calmly told that this political question which touches the Republic in every vital spot — her tribunals, her treasury, her homes, her schools, her commerce, her physical development, her future — has no claim to be embodied in a political party. But why not, the man who has not yet been born who is able to show,

Hyde Park, Oct. 29, 1885.

THE FALL OF CONSTANTINOPLE: Being the Story of the Fourth Crusade, by Edwin Pears, LL. B. New York: Harper & Brothers. 8vo, 422 pp. This volume appears at a favorable hour, when all eyes are turned in the direction of the former insignificant capital of the Eastern Empire. The countries involved in its historical records are those now the subjects of anxious deliberation on the part of the world. The author has been long a resident of the European bar in that city. In his instructive sketch of the history of the empire of Constantinople and its present condition, he gives a running sketch of the history of the empire of the Turks into its territory. A fuller history is then given of its internal brawls arising from dynastic troubles, the constant struggle with the hordes pouring in from Northern and Central Asia, the gradual conquest of Asia Minor by them, the effects of the crusades, the invasion of the Balkan peninsula by the tribes of Northern Europe, the final combination with the Venetians, the Doge, and Boniface, the leader of the fourth crusade, securing the conquest of Constantinople and the overthrow of the Eastern Empire. It was a short record that followed of weak and vacillating policies, and the glorious city became the seat of the "unshakable Turk," and his empire soon covered more territory than the magnificent Eastern Roman power, which had held for so many years the adjoining territories in Europe and Asia.

THE BAPTIST MEETING-HOUSE: The Staircase to the Old Faith; the Open Door to the New. By Samuel J. B. Brown. Boston: American Unitarian Association. 12mo, 288 pp. This is a portion of Mr. Hubert Howe Bancroft's eighteen volumes of which the last issue, the third volume upon CALIFORNIA, an octavo of 702 pages. The second volume closed with the territories of the Pacific States, published by A. L. Bancroft & Co., of San Francisco, and under the authorship of Mr. Hubert Howe Bancroft, eighteen volumes of which have now been published, we have, for the last issue, the third volume upon CALIFORNIA, an octavo of 702 pages. The second volume closed with the territories of the Pacific States, published by A. L. Bancroft & Co., of San Francisco, and under the authorship of Mr. Hubert Howe Bancroft, eighteen volumes of which have now been published, we have, for the last issue, the third volume upon CALIFORNIA, an octavo of 702 pages. 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STERED AT THE POST-OFFICE, BOSTON MASS., AS SECOND CLASS MATTER.

Lion's Herald.

WEDNESDAY, NOV. 11, 1885.

"DO THYSELF NO HARM."

Violent deaths by the hand of the victim himself, are becoming painfully numerous. Both sexes and all ages contribute to the number. Of late it has dropped down into an immature age. Boys and girls and quite young people are swelling the annual number of suicides. Last week several such instances, under twenty years of age, were announced by the daily press in different portions of the country. Some of these cases may be readily accounted for, as in the instances of three or four such deaths a week, which occur during the season at the gambling hells of Monte Carlo. The sudden reaction following the loss of property and reputation stuns and appalls the victim, that the moral balance is lost beyond recovery, and without consideration of its consequences, death seems the only open door of relief. Much the same mental condition is occasioned when one who has heretofore borne a good reputation in society falls into the temptation, in an hour when his fortune seems to be slipping from him, to commit a crime to save himself, and this entails another and another, until, suddenly, the discovery is made, and he stands confronted with the consequences of his guilt. The blow is overwhelming, and in the madness of the terrible revelation he adds another unrepented sin to the catalogue of his wrong doings, and rushes unbidden into the presence of his Maker.

In a large number of these instances intemperance, without doubt, is the primary, as it becomes the final, cause of such an awful shipwreck of life. It is the last act of a series of suicidal indulgences. No pen can adequately describe the agonizing steps of which this tragedy is the close. Domestic peace has been lost, friends have been abused to the utmost limit of endurance, ability to labor has been exhausted, the house of correction and the poor-house have become occasional stopping-places, the furious appetite is in no wise abated by the mischief it has wrought, the inconceivable horrors that attend debauchery destroy all self-control, and the certain end, but a short distance in advance, is anticipated by the victim's trembling hand. Social crimes with their earlier consequences in blasting the reputation and closing the door of virtuous society, possibly too abruptly, against the offender, has nerved many an arm, especially in the gentler sex, or opened a watery grave before the despairing steps of a broken-hearted Magdalene. In all these instances the responsibility rests upon the perpetrator of the deed. There are those, indeed, who may be criminally connected with it, and whose skirts will ever bear the stain of this prematurely shed blood. We envy not the emotions of the proprietor of the gambling saloon, or the trader in alcoholic poisons. We wonder how they can sleep nights with the shrieks of those whom they have destroyed, soul and body, ringing in their ears. We should think the sound of a pistol would be like a voice of doom to these men who make merchandise of human lives, and are forced to witness on earth some of the frightful consequences of their daily traffic. But, after all, the victims themselves are responsible. They have voluntarily placed themselves in the clutches of these fiends. They have been constantly warned that the end of their indulgences "biteth like a serpent and stingeth like an adder." They have had, along their experience, awful object lessons, picturing and prophesying their own certain ruin.

Their punishment has, indeed, become greater than human nature can easily bear; but God has given them no release from it. He sees still, although no human eye can, that there are forgiveness and hope. With God nothing is impossible. But death, which He has not sent, closes abruptly the short probation. There is no return in this way. The irremediable sin against himself has been committed. Doubtless, in thousands of instances, after the fatal act has been effected, before its consummation, conscience has rallied; the character of the deed has been recognized; the opportunities of life, as small as they seemed, have assumed a new aspect; the sudden revelation of the solemn tribunal of man's Creator, just before them, has burst upon the mind and filled its latest moments with inconceivable terrors. The deep and sincere penitence of some who have been barely snatched from the jaws of a voluntary death gives emphasis to this truth.

There are certainly many who are in no wise responsible for the act of their own hand which terminates their lives. Reason has been unseated; the moral balance is lost; and the will has become helpless in the exercise of its voluntary power. In many cases the immediate friends and relatives are responsible. Many a valuable life has been lost by well-meaning but mistaken hesitation at such an hour. It is so fearful a calamity to fall upon our home circle, that we often delay too long the action, which, if prompt, would save a valuable life and years of anguish. Promptness under such circumstances is consummate wisdom and mercy. Thank God! there are, within our reach, houses for mental rest and refreshment, where kindness and skill combine to soothe the agitated mind, to recover the broken health, and to aid the will in once more regaining its executive force.

The chief thought in our mind in writing the title to this article, was that there must be some special occasion for these multiplied and peculiar premature deaths at this hour; something in addition to the ordinary vices of our civilized life. In the case of these children and youth who form the strange anomalies in our day, we are sure there must be fault in the domestic government and training. In most of these cases, probably, the victims have been young persons of violent passions. The looseness of modern family government is greatly at fault. Instead of very early in life gentle but effectual restraint having been used, and constant insistence upon yielding the will, upon submitting to authority, and upon self-control, the children are indulged and permitted to have their own way, and their disobedience is constantly condoned. The natural result is, they grow up willful, passionate, and unable to control their temper. Many of these distressing instances, and much of the miscarriage and failure of our young people in life, are to be traced to such a lack of proper early training and discipline. Parents little think what they are preparing for their children and for themselves, when they helplessly yield their control over them, and even weakly interfere with the mild discipline of our public schools.

In regard to the instances of mature men and women, we can but think that the prevailing loose views of the character of God, of the consequences of sin, of the solemn Scriptural revelations of the future world, have not a little to do with the recklessness with which men regard the act of taking their own lives. The moral atmosphere in these later years has been disintegrating to religious convictions and apprehensions as to the life beyond. Men have come to feel that God looks upon these acts much as they do themselves; that He pities them, will readily pardon their mistakes, and stands with open arms to receive them, when tired out and sick of life they hurry into His presence, and that the future will be all right however they enter it. The very fact that such views have a tendency to lessen a sense of obligation, to weaken the apprehension of the sinfulness of sin, to make man a coward as well as a criminal, is certainly significant. It becomes all sincere believers to stand faithfully by the truth, to lift up an unhesitating voice against all weak human sentiments substituted for the positive religious instruction of childhood, and the importance of embracing it, in some form, within the actual folds of the church. The bonds of the Sunday-school are too loose. The church should receive the child in some well-recognized relation into her own bosom.

EDITORIAL COMMENT.

The literary and social event of the past week has been the visit and public address, in Boston, of Archdeacon Farrar. Great expectations were excited by his high reputation at home, the reports of visitors who have listened to him in London, and his admirable books. There has been no disappointment in his fulfilling these flattering intimations. His sermons, attended by extraordinary crowds, were of a high order, broad in their scope, rich in style, original without being too profuse in ornament, marked by fresh thought, and eminently practical and spiritual. The Archdeacon is well proportioned, of average size, wearing the marks of a scholar, with a frank and winning expression. He is no orator. His sentences follow each other with unwavering intonations, but they are so elegantly expressed and so rich in thought, that they hold the audience with a powerful fascination. No one who heard the discourse on Dante in Tremont Temple will ever forget it. Never was a poem so thoroughly analyzed and admirably pictured, as was the Divine Comedy of the great Italian poet. But the discourse was something more; it was a lay sermon, often rising to moving eloquence and impressiveness. All the solemn, ethical lessons of the majestic poem were powerfully set forth. The nature and the retribution of sin, the subjective agonies of the lost, represented by terrible objective symbols, were vividly described. The vision of Paradise, as it arose in the eyes of the saintly seer, illustrated by the ominous aggregation of liquor saloons. There are 156 licensed places, besides the uncounted illegal dens where poisonous liquors are sold. There is only one remedy — Sweep them all away!

The senior member of the well-known and long-established firm of musical publishers, Messrs. Oliver Ditson & Co., received, in excellent health and spirits, as fresh as if but yesterday, the congratulations of numerous friends upon reaching his seventy-fourth birthday. It was the golden era, also, of his prosperous publishing house, which was established in 1835. Long may he enjoy his well-won prosperity!

Mr. Henry Chase, the agent of the Society for the Suppression of Vice, keeps quietly but vigorously at work in his very delicate and important field. He does not hesitate to express his satisfaction with the co-operation he is now able to secure from the city police under the new régime. The work against the gamblers and the publishers of vice prints is prosecuted with encouraging success. Mr. Chas' deserves the sympathy and practical support of all philanthropic and Christian men in his self-denying work.

Mr. George H. Winchester, a superannuated member of the New England Southern Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, died on Friday, at Fairhaven, aged 68. Mr. Winchester began his ministerial labors in 1812, and continued them without intermission until 1876, when he received a supernumerary relation. He was the father of Prof. C. T. Winchester of Wesleyan University. He has been greatly esteemed as a faithful pastor and excellent preacher. A worthy memorial will be prepared by some one of his brethren for our columns.

Presiding Elder S. W. Thomas, of the Philadelphia Conference, has prepared a neat mite-box, labeled in colors, "Help Little Hands to Lift our District to the Million Dollar Line," which has become immensely popular. Secretary McCabe has ordered a thousand, and thinks he shall want ten times as many. They are for sale by F. B. Clegg, agent of the M. E. Book Room, 1018 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa. They are sold for \$1.25 a hundred, and are just the thing for our infant classes in Sunday-school.

We read with sincere sorrow, on Friday evening of last week, of the sudden death of Mr. John W. Coffin, of Watertown, Mass. We formed a warm friendship with him in 1861, when pastor of the M. E. Church in town, and the acquaintance has been kept up ever since. He was a Methodist family in Edgartown, Martha's Vineyard, and although he never joined the church, there was no one more constant in attendance upon the services, or more generous in its support. He was a man of fine physique, full of energy. Promptness under such circumstances is consummate wisdom and mercy. Thank God! there are, within our reach, houses for mental rest and refreshment, where kindness and skill combine to soothe the agitated mind, to recover the broken health, and to aid the will in once more regaining its executive force.

Two very fine public receptions were given by Archdeacon Farrar, while in Boston, both at the Brunswick; one by Dr. Phillips Brooks, to which Bishop Paddock and the Episcopal clergy and laymen were invited, and another by the Episcopal Association of the city, at which a large company of gentlemen and ladies, ministers and laymen, were brought together. After an hour of social entertainment, in which the invited guests showed himself to be as genial as he was accomplished upon the platform, a very elegant lunch was served in the large parlors of the hotel. No visitor from abroad has made a deeper impression upon the best circles in our city than the popular preacher of St. Margaret's and the Abbey, London.

The Valley Visitor of Newburyport, Oct. 5, has a characteristic article from the pen of its editor, Hon. G. J. L. Colby. The name of our old friend awakes many pleasant reminiscences. Mr. Colby was a student one year (1842) in Wesleyan University, Middletown, Conn. For many years he has been an editor in the Meriden Valley, at Newburyport and Amesbury. At the height of the anti-slavery controversy in the State he was a courageous and efficient advocate, with the pen and voice, of the claims of the oppressed, and has since filled important State and national offices. He has not lost his ability in vigorous thinking and clear writing. He discusses, in a suggestive manner, "The Religion of the Future." Beginning with the affirmation that "the Puritanism of New England is giving way," he pictures the decadence of Calvinism, and the contrasted condition of the churches still wearing this title with their theological status in the times of Brewster, Matthews, Edwards, and even the later school represented by Dr. Daniel Dana, the venerable preacher of Newburyport for many years. He thinks Puritanism had an important office in the providence of God, which it safely fulfilled, and then became, in his estimation, a curse. He sees nearly the same decadence in the Baptist and Methodist churches as compared with the recollections of his early days, and Unitarianism has sunk to Liberalism, and preaches a gospel which is simply the embodiment of Benjamin Franklin's economical and humanitarian philosophy, and is nothing more nor less than Thomas Paine's "Common Sense" presented in aesthetic forms. He thinks one great cause of this eclipse of the theory. Coupling this work with the able able treatise of Dr. H. C. Trumbull upon "Blood Covenants," the Doctor says:

"These two books are most valuable proofs of American vigor and originally in scholarly research, and will prove of permanent value in our solid literature."

The surviving members of the old Russell St. M. B. Church, as well as the present members of the Tremont St. communion, and many other friends, will be glad to pray for their consolations to our, and their esteemed friends, Mr. and Mrs. Harriet Merrill, on the fiftieth anniversary of their marriage. There was a very pleasant reception at their home in Hingham, on Tuesday, Nov. 10. Our paper will bear to them — what we were unable to proffer in person — our warmest wishes for their united domestic happiness for still many years to come.

The peculiar quiet and good order of election day last week was generally noticed, and the reason was equally apparent — the drinking-places were almost universally closed. Under the new municipal police commission, appointed by the Governor of the State, the laws of the commonwealth relating to liquor-selling have been much more generally enforced. This is the reason for the earnestness of certain parties to obtain the abrogation of the law establishing the commission.

The elections of last week were passed off with little excitement. In most instances the vote was very small. As usual, there were some disappointments; but the unexpected and doubtful victories awakened less enthusiasm than usual. Politicians are now moralizing over both defeats and victories, but there was no great moral triumph to awaken special gratitude.

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The Family.

ALICE.

BY MRS. J. B. HILL.

Tis just one year ago this month,
As autumn winds began to sigh,
And brown October's wither'd leaves
Upon the ground did thickly lie,
That our fair Alice passed away
"To realms of everlasting day."

The chilling hand of fell disease
Laid hold upon our gentle one,
And wither'd fast the opening bud,
Kre life to her was well begun;
Ah, me! the treasures most we prize
Are soonest ta'en to Paradise.

"Yes, I would live if God so wills,
For life seems full of promise sweet,
And this fair earth is beauty dressed,
Has scarce been trodden by my feet;
For mothers ard for friends so dear
I'd seek to tarry longer here."

So willed not God; He bade her come
Into the gentle Shepherd's fold;
She could not walk through earth's rough
way,

Her feet must tread the streets of gold.
"I'm willing," said the dying one;

"My Father, let Thy will be done!"

When sands of time were almost run,
And heaven's gates within her view,
She bade her mother follow her,
She bade her read God's record true
Of His dear Son, who lived and died,
And for our sins was crucified.

"Then sing once more the hymns I love,
Sing "Safe upon His gentle breast,"
The home beyond is in my sight,
I weary now and long for rest.
Then farewell, mother, do not weep;
This is not death. I only sleep."

A sleep in Jesus! Oh, how sweet
To wake where shining angels throng
The golden streets, and mansions fair
Re-echo with the gladsons song,
And heaven's arches loudly ring
In praises to our Lord and King!

Ah, no, we will not mourn thy loss,
We rather envy thy pure joy;
The path through life is drear and long,
There is no gold without alloy;
And we must work, and watch, and pray
Till dawns for us a brighter day.

Yes, heaven is precious, Alice dear;
One by one are gathering there
All our fairest and our dearest;
Soon we hope this home to share;
Then shall we see thee strong and bright,
Basking in the "eternal light."

Livermore Falls, Me.

A CONSECRATED LIFE.

BY REV. JAMES YEAMES.

In an interesting article by Rev. Dr. Draper, recently published in ZION'S HERALD, allusion is made to the memorials to Anne Lutton, which beautify and enrich the Portland Methodist Chapel, Bristol, Eng. The more practical of these memorials is the Lutton Memorial Hall, which provides a lecture-room and class-rooms for the Portland society. But exquisitely beautiful, and perpetuating a precious memory and thus bearing valuable testimony, is the marble mural tablet which bears the following inscription:

To

The loved memory of

Anne

Your generous offer of

Balib Lutton, Esq.

Born at Moira, Co. Down, Ireland,

December 18th, 1791.

Entered into rest

At Lamberts Villa, Cobham, Bristol,

August 2nd, 1881, aged 90 years.

"I lay the wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament; and they that turn many to righteousness, as the stars forever and ever." Daniel 12: 3.

Erected by his friend, Jane Hicks Westcott.

Yet another proof of her love and veneration for her friend has Miss Westcott given in the goody volume, "Memorials of a Consecrated Life," a book of more than five hundred pages, now in its second edition.

As the book is not generally accessible to American readers, a summarized view of the beautiful and remarkable life whose story it records may be welcome.

Miss Lutton was an almost perfect type of the Christian gentlewoman. She was characterized by remarkable intellectual vigor, possessing a masculine mind, which she diligently cultivated and stored. Yet she was a true woman; sweetly tender and childlike, while earnestly devout and courageously consistent. The letters, poems, and diary, which constitute the larger portion of the biography, furnish abundant evidence of the activity and influence of her intellectual powers; while they are redolent with a subtle and exquisite fragrance of piety which reveals an intensely spiritual nature, living in close communion with God.

Anne Lutton came of an ancient English family, which bore its coat-of-arms and motto, "Malo mori quam fodari" (Death before dishonor), as far back as the times of the Crusades. The Irish branch of the family was founded by the brothers Ralph and William Lutton, who accompanied William III to Ireland in 1690. Anne was one of thirteen children, one of whom, Robert, entered the Methodist ministry in America, dying in 1859. Moira, the little town where Anne Lutton was born, consisted of one long street, ornamented on each side by a row of lime-trees. At the lower end of the town, two gates opening upon long avenues of tall trees, stood opposite to each other. Each led to a noble building, one the parish church, the other the castle of the Earl of Moira. A long green vista, lovely lawns beneath and umbrageous arches above, thus stretched from mansion to temple. The town was so encompassed by plantations, that Miss Lutton said it was difficult to decide, as you drew near to it, whether it was "a wood in a town or a town in a wood."

In the year 1756, John Wesley visited Moira, and the Earl sent to the clergyman to request the key of the church, that Mr. Wesley might preach to the people. The curate refused the key, and often afterward boasted that even to oblige a nobleman he would not tolerate the Methodists. The Earl, greatly en-

joyed, was determined that Mr. Wesley should be heard, and therefore sent the bellman through the town to summon the people to the lawn before the castle; and from the top of a long flight of steps leading to the grand entrance-hall, Mr. Wesley preached to the assembly.

It was nearly forty years after, that Methodism was introduced into the home of the Luttons. One Sunday morning just after church service, a stranger was seen to ride up to the principal inn and dismount, giving his horse to the ostler. Unstrapping a huge pair of saddle-bags, he flung them over his arm, and entered the house. The plainly-dressed stranger with his mysterious saddle-bags excited the interest and curiosity of the youngsters in an adjoining house, and they ran to report the matter to their father. He guessed it might be a Methodist preacher, and as those itinerant evangelists were generally poor, and the good man might not order a dinner, he suggested to his wife that the stranger should be invited to a place at their board. The invitation was given and accepted, and Mr. John Grace, Methodist preacher, helped to make up the round dozen who sat at the hospitable table in the Moira mansion that day.

Miss Lutton thus writes of this incident: "That memorable Sabbath when my father invited the Methodist preacher to come in and eat bread with him, was the 'beginning of days' to a household which had hitherto 'sat in darkness.' They were all charmed with the winning manners and sweet conversation of their guest. He attracted them and held them fast bound by some secret spell they never felt before. He seemed to awaken new powers of mind, and give new subjects for thought and converse. The little circle sat wondering, and delighted to find that religion was not clad in sable, repulsive and exacting. The voice of the stranger operated on their hearts like the gentle breeze stealing over the chords of an Aeolian harp, producing soft music, soothing and subduing. From that day the Methodist preachers were regularly entertained at my father's house; and no chapel was then, nor for many years afterwards, built in that little town, his parlor and hall were the places where sat the congregation, whilst the laborious and pious men of God sought to save the souls of them that heard them."

Mr. Lutton was a tall, stately man, a scholar and a linguist. He had also a good voice and fine musical taste. He was partially blind from cataract, and through life required to be led when out of doors.

Taken to church when almost an infant, Anne Lutton was also early introduced to the Wesleyan preaching on Sunday evenings. Both parents were steady adherents of the Established Episcopal Church, but were also members of the Methodist society. From their tenderest infancy the children of the Lutton household were trained to meet in class and attend all other religious ordinances. Anne thus refers to this parental discipline: "I do not presume to say whether or not this was a judicious plan. I can only bear testimony to its usefulness in my own case, and I believe I shall bless God whilst I have being that I was not left to choose my religion for myself, without the advantage of those early impressions which were made on my mind in the select and solemn means of grace with which I was privileged, and into which I might never have entered had not the kind, constraining hand of a beloved mother led me."

Under the preaching of the Methodists both the curate of the parish and his wife were converted. The clergyman strolled in at first to hear the evangelists; then, grown more bold, sat on the chair behind which stood the humble minister. Led to seek his own salvation, he afterwards labored incessantly for the souls of others, and in his church, as well as in barns and cottages, proclaimed Christ crucified.

Who can estimate the blessing which came to this home, whose doors had been opened for the ark of the Lord? Mrs. Lutton often sat with her eleven children around her, listening to the word of life. How glad must have been the meeting in bliss of parents, children, and the beloved preachers of Christ, who had so often worshipped together in the happy home!

In the year 1811, Mr. Lutton and his family removed to Donsghelone, on a small farm of his own, skirted by the river Lagan. Anne had been early smitten with the *cacoethes scribendi*. Her earliest effort was an epitaph on a mouse, written in her fifth year, or rather, printed on a slate, which was placed as a monumental slab above the mouse's grave. It was just after her removal to the new home that a circumstance occurred which greatly influenced her future mental pursuits. From childhood she had a great desire to learn three languages, a few words from which occasionally occurred in the books which she read. From various causes the opportunity to gratify this desire failed to be presented.

One day, while arranging a portion of her father's library, she came upon a sealed and dilapidated copy of "Lily's Latin Grammar." It called for uncommon perseverance to come at its contents, so much had it suffered from the use and abuse of schools, the subsequent buffalings from corner to corner, the midwifery of neglect and the perforations of wormish marauders." With the assistance of her father she studied and conquered the Latin grammar, and in succession read all the Roman classics.

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gagement, and as there were no obstacles from the opposition of my friends, and nothing else particularly incumbent, I learned, in addition to Latin and Greek, French, Italian, Spanish, Portuguese, German; and read some of the best writers in these languages. Then I read Hebrew, Samaritan, Syriac, Arabic, and Persian. With these I have long been conversant. (These autobiographical reminiscences were written in 1834, in Miss Lutton's forty-third year.) Chaldee came in naturally, and I have also done a little at *Æ*niope, Hindustani, Russian and Irish.

It was nearly forty years after, that Methodism was introduced into the home of the Luttons. One Sunday morning just after church service, a stranger was seen to ride up to the principal inn and dismount, giving his horse to the ostler. Unstrapping a huge pair of saddle-bags, he flung them over his arm, and entered the house. The plainly-dressed stranger with his mysterious saddle-bags excited the interest and curiosity of the youngsters in an adjoining house, and they ran to report the matter to their father. He guessed it might be a Methodist preacher, and as those itinerant evangelists were generally poor, and the good man might not order a dinner, he suggested to his wife that the stranger should be invited to a place at their board. The invitation was given and accepted, and Mr. John Grace, Methodist preacher, helped to make up the round dozen who sat at the hospitable table in the Moira mansion that day.

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It was in 1815 that Anne Lutton entered upon the full enjoyment of God's forgiving love. Of the long, consistent, and useful life, prolonged for forty-five years after her conversion, we cannot now speak. As a preacher of Christ to her own sex, a class-leader, and earnest Christian worker, she well filled "her allotted space." For eighteen years before her death, she was unable to write, save by the hand of an amanuensis; but her soul walked in unclouded light, and the end was bright with the presence of the undying day. To some passages in this remarkable and blessed career we may refer in another article.

AN IDLE WORD.

BY LILLIAN GREY.

Only an idle word!
But it grieves a tender heart;
It passed in a breath, but it left behind
A bitter, nameless smart.

Only an idle word!
But it added a burden more
To a soul, whose weary weight of woe
Was heavy enough before.

Only an idle word,
Forgotten as soon as said;
But twill rankle deep in some human heart,
Until that heart is dead.

Only an idle word!
Beware, ye speak it not;
lest always, for one, might its echo live,
And its sting be unforgot.

A VISIT TO BISHOP E. O. HAVEN'S TOMB.

BY MRS. O. J. SQUIRES.

Leaving Portland, Oregon, early one morning in July last, we crossed the Willamette River and taking the train running south, passed through Oregon City, on through forests and over rich farming sections, until midday brought us to Salem, the State capital.

This is a pleasant little town of some seven thousand inhabitants. Here is located the first Methodist Episcopal Church that was built west of the Rocky Mountains. This is the pioneer section of the great West. Here the first missionaries traveling westward came, and the beloved preachers of Christ, who had so often worshipped together in the happy home!

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THE ROYAL BAKER AND PASTRY COOK. A Royal addition to the kitchen library. It contains over seven hundred receipts pertaining to every branch of the culinary department, including baking, roasting, preserving, soups, cakes, jellies, pastry, and all kinds of sweetmeats, with receipts for the most delicious candies, cordials, beverages, and all other necessary knowledge for the *chef de cuisine* of the most exacting epicure, as well as for the more modest housewife, who desires to prepare for her lord and master a repast that shall be both wholesome and economical. With each receipt is given full and explicit directions for putting together, manipulating, shaping, baking, and kind of utensil to be used, so that a novice can go through the operation with success; while a special and important feature is made of the mode of preparing all kinds of food and delicacies for the sick. The book has been prepared under the direction of Prof. Radman, late *chef de la Cuisine* of the New York Cooking School, and is the most valuable of the recent editions upon the subject of cookery that has come to our notice. It is got up in the highest style of the printer's art, on illuminated covers, etc. We are assured that even of the "Royal Baking Powder" contains an order for one of these valuable books.

ZION'S HERALD FOR THE YEAR 1886.

Fifteen Months

FOR ONE SUBSCRIPTION.

Let the Canvass Commence at Once.

The paper will be sent from October 1st the remainder of the year free to all New Subscribers who subscribe for one year.

When the full amount of the subscription price (\$2.50) is received, their paper will be credited to January 1, 1887.

From no other source can an equal amount of good reading be obtained for so little money.

The paper contains an average of forty-two columns of reading matter per week, and costs but 5 cents per number.

SPECIMEN COPIES FREE.

Letters on business should be addressed to

A. S. WEED, Publisher,

36 Bromfield Street, Boston.

The Week.

DAILY RECORD OF LEADING EVENTS.

Tuesday, November 3.

Prevalence of a violent storm yesterday on the Atlantic coast. Much damage coastwise and inland. Six lives lost on Long Island Sound.

A large attendance at the funeral obsequies of Gen. McClellan in the Madison Square Church, New York city; the interment being at Trenton, N. J.

Wreck of a train loaded with cattle and hogs, on the Burlington, Cedar Rapids and Northern Railway, at Northwood, Iowa. Instant death of the engineer and head brakeman, twenty-seven head of cattle killed, and the engine and nine cars smashed.

Occurrence of 33 deaths from small-pox in Monroe on Saturday, and on Sunday.

Wreck of the Hudson Bay Company's steamer "Princess Royal" in Hudson Bay; the cargo, valued at \$1,000,000, a total loss.

Reported attack by Bulgarians on the Servants at Tsarsib, the latter retreating.

Wednesday, November 4.

Governor Rotissons of Massachusetts re-elected.

The Andre monument at Tappan, N. Y., blown up by a dynamite cartridge.

Four Indians killed and fourteen wounded in the Sioux (Mex.) battle.

Thursday, November 5.

Settlement of the controversy between the government and Mr. John Roach relative to the construction of the despatch boat "Dolphin;" the vessel to be finished by the government.

Charter of a New England Cremation Society, to be located in Boston.

Arrival in America of M. Bartholdi, the designer of the statue of Liberty; having come to superintend the erection of the statue.

Quiet withdrawal to Lake View of the two hundred Chinamen who were ordered by the citizens of Tacoma, Wash., to leave that place by the 30th inst.

Appointment of a commission to examine into the mental condition of Riel, the leader of the Northwest rebellion.

The Bulgarians reported as entering Klissura and Seltska.

Friday, November 6.

Estimated losses by fire throughout this country and Canada during the month of October, \$6,750,000.

Issuance of a proclamation by the governor of Washington Territory calling on all good citizens to assist in preserving the peace and in protecting the Chinese from abuse.

Decision by the Creek Indians not to sell Oklahoma at any price.

Death of Robert Thorburn, A. R. A., a noted miniature painter.

The Servians and Bulgarians still actively preparing for hostilities.

Foundering of the Norwegian barque "Aquila" off Gothenburg, and twenty-two persons drowned.

Great damage wrought by severe storms on the west coast of South America.

Saturday, November 7.

A reception, attended by representative Bostonians, given at the Brunswick yesterday to Archdeacon Farrar.

Collision of the steamers "J. W. Goff" and "Mountain Girl," in the Ohio River, ten miles below Lawrenceburg, Ind., the latter boat being sunk. Two members of a traveling circus on board, and ten valuable trained horses, were drowned.

The estate of the late Henry W. Shaw (Josh Billings) valued at \$93,000.

Occurrence of a \$300,000 fire in the Farwell Building, Chicago.

A suspension of all operations at the Carson, Nev., mint, ordered by the Secretary of the Treasury.

Prince Alexander reported as concentrating a fleet and troops near Widdin with a view of attacking Belgrade by way of the river Danube. Intense excitement in Serbia caused by the discovery of the conspiracy at Belgrade to take the life of King Milan.

Monday, November 9.

Death of John McCullough, the tragedian, after an illness of about a year.

Issuance of a proclamation by President Cleveland, commanding all persons at Seattle and other places in Washington Territory who have assembled for unlawful purposes to de-

sist therefrom and to disperse and retire peaceably to their homes at once.

Holding of the first meeting of the American Copyright League in New York, attended by many prominent authors.

The yacht "Loiterer," owned by Dr. Weld of Boston, lost off the Japanese coast on the 16th ult. All on board saved.

The resignation of the French ministry not accepted by President Grévy.

It matters but little whether the weather is warm or cold, gentlemen are never indifferent to the kind of cloth they wear, or the way it is cut and made. The sure way to get satisfaction is to go to first-class houses, where the best cloths may be found, and the most skillful workmen, who can turn the cloths into fine fitting garments. No establishment in the city has a better reputation as merchant tailors than Messrs. C. A. Smith & Co., 18 and 20 School Street.

We call the attention of our readers to the St. Louis and San Francisco Railroad Company's 60 per cent. gold bonds which are offered for sale and recommended by the banking house of C. H. Venner and Company. Whatever this firm recommends for investment should receive the careful consideration of investors.

Attention of Sabbath School Teachers and others is called to the advertisement of six illustrated lectures of Palestine to be delivered by Rev. James Freeman Clarke.

The "Youth's Companion" will be sent free to January 1st, 1886, and a full year's subscription from that date, to January, 1887, to all who send \$1.75 now for a year's subscription. The "Youth's Companion" is a weekly paper, and has nearly 350,000 subscribers.

THE MONARCH LIGHTNING SAWING MACHINE.—This machine has met with favor wherever introduced. More of them have been sold than any other sawing machine in the world. The factory of this company is running to its full capacity, so that orders may be promptly shipped. See advertisement elsewhere in our columns.

The remarkable cures effected by VEGETINE have induced many physicians and apothecaries, whom we know, to prescribe and use it in their own families.

"I fear coal," is in decline, and as the medicine cured my brother of a "Hemorrhage of the Lungs" about a year ago, I wish to try it. Try it—prove it for yourself.

HANNAH MICKLE, near W. O. Duryea, N. J.

"I would recommend Ely's Cream Balm to any one having Catarrh or Catarrhal Asthma. I have had a bottle of it for two weeks, and am well again. Since I have been using the Balm I can lie down and rest. I thank God that you even invented such a medicine—FRANCIS P. BURLEIGH, Farmington, N. H.

My son, aged nine years, was afflicted with Catarrh; the use of Ely's Cream Balm effected a complete cure. — W. E. HAMMOND, Druggist, Lancaster, Pa. Write, we'll pack a package. See ad.

Heart Fains and any functional derangement of the heart, usually called Heart Disease, readily yield to the use of DR. GRAVES' HEART REGULATOR. \$1.00 per bottle at druggists. Free pamphlet of F. E. Ingalls, Cambridge, Mass.

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral wonderfully increases the power and flexibility of the voice, enabling public speakers to speak clearly and without fatigue. Try Ayer's Cherry Pectoral before going to church or places of entertainment which would avail coughing, greatly to the comfort of both hearers and speakers.

The pain and misery suffered by those who are stricken with dyspepsia are great indeed. The distress of the body is equalled or surpassed by the confusion and tortures of the mind, thus making its victims suffer double affliction. The relief that is given by Hood's Sarsaparilla has caused thousands to be thankful for this great medicine. It dispels the causes of dyspepsia, and tones up the digestive organs. Try Hood's Sarsaparilla.

I am glad to tell you that since using Athliphor I am free from rheumatism than I have been in twenty years. A lady near me, who could not bend her knee for two years, has been relieved from it by Rev. Mrs. H. H. Remond.

"I am happy to tell you that I am perfectly cured of Nasal Catarrh. You were right, my trouble was not Consumption, but Catarrh." JAMES A. CALDWELL, Webster, Ill.

"I know all about the Cannabis India. Fifteen years ago I cured my daughter of the Asthma; it had very bad for several years but was perfectly cured. Please send me a box of the first three bottles." J. V. HULL, Lawrenceburg, Ind.—son Co., Ky.

"Mother has been suffering with Bronchitis nearly two years, and tried most all kinds of medicine, and says the Cannabis India is the only thing that gives her relief." JANE A. ASHBOOK, Lovettsville, Hallard Co., Ky.

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